

### In Ways that We Know Not.

I sometimes think God lets our sorrows gather  
Till joy is hidden by pain's heavy cloud,  
That in the darkness we may find "Our Father"—  
We need him when the heart and head are bowed.  
I sometimes think He lets friends fall and falter,  
To show us earthly gifts are insecure;  
The bleeding hearts we lay upon His altar,  
Of healing and of solace may be sure.  
I sometimes think he strews our path with roses,  
And when we find that each one hides a thorn  
He takes us by the hand and gently shows us  
That not to live to self has man been born.  
I sometimes think when he seems all unheeding,  
Turning deaf ears unto our wild request,  
In silent pity His great heart is bleeding  
Because to grant us it were not the best.  
I always think, in His divine compassion,  
Not one will perish from His loving hands;  
Knowing our weakness and strength of passion,  
He pities us—because He understands.  
M. Hedderwick Prowne.

### Be on the Watch.

A gentleman stopped suddenly before a sign that told him messenger boys were to be had inside. He hesitated, and then went in.

"How many boys have you in just now?" he asked.

"Six," was the reply; "it's dull to-day."

"Then they're all here," said the gentleman, looking round, while the boys themselves were all attention, wondering "what was up."

"Boys," said the gentleman, eyeing them scrutinizingly, "I suppose you know there is an exhibition of trained dogs to-night?"

The faces of the boys showed that they were perfectly aware of that fact, and that they might give him some points in regard to it.

"Well, I'm looking for a boy to take a blind man to see it."

A titter was the first response; then followed a variety of expressions, as: "A blind man!" "You're foolin'!" "What could a blind man see?" and "You can't guy us that way!"

"I'm not guying; I'm in earnest," said Mr. Davis, and then, looking at one of the boys who had said nothing, he asked:

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think I could do it," was the reply. "Yes, I'm sure I could, sir."

"How do you propose to make him see it?"

"Through my eyes, sir. That's the only way he could see it."

"You're the boy I'm after," said Mr. Davis, and he arranged for him to meet the blind man.

The exhibition was in a large theatre, and the blind man and his guide had a box to themselves, where they could disturb no one; but Mr. Davis, from his seat in the audience, knew that the boy was telling what went on so that the blind man could understand, and others in the audience became interested in the messenger boy and his companion, who, though carrying on an animated conversation, seemed absorbed and excited over everything that went on. Indeed, no one applauded more heartily than the blind man himself.

The following day Mr. Davis again appeared among the messenger boys, and after a few words with the manager, said:

"Boys, there was a chance offered every one of you yesterday—a chance for lifting yourselves up in the world—but only one of you grasped it. My friend, the blind man, has felt for some time that he might get much pleasure out of life if he could find some young eyes to do his seeing for him, with an owner who would report intelligently. My stopping here yesterday was with the thought that possibly such a pair of eyes could be found here. It was an opportunity held out to every one of you, but only one understood and grasped it. For the rest of you it was a lost opportunity, for my friend is delighted with the experiment—says he is sure I hit upon the one boy in town who will suit him, and has offered him a good position, with a fine salary. Messenger boys are easy to get, but a boy who can make a blind man see is at a premium. And yet you might—well, you see, that boy, although he did not know it, was on the watch for a good opportunity, and when it came he knew how to manage it. It is the only way to keep good opportunities from slipping away, boys; you must be on the watch for them."—[Canadian Churchman.]

### "A Safe Refuge."

The mantle of Landseer has certainly fallen upon the shoulders and inspired the brush of the painter of this speaking picture. In dog language, the baffled little tormentors of the hunted pussy plainly acknowledge themselves beaten; pussy smiles serene and content in her safe refuge, the paws of the magnificent creature protecting her, and the beneficent monster himself, by not a wave of his tail or a movement of his jaws, deigns to acknowledge the presence of the yapping and snarling little beasts which can do

her no further harm. Mr. Sperling has given us another version of "Dignity and Impudence," with the inference that the big bullies, which, alas! exist as but too frequent blots upon creation, are more often to be found on two legs than on four.  
H. A. B.



My dear Guests,—

"In these green days,  
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health exalts  
The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bias  
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of Kings  
To purchase."  
—Thomson.

Who could talk of commonplace tasks or moralize o'er prosy realities when all the latent poesy in one's being wakes to new life, and every pulse is thrilling at the magic touch of spring?

"She comes! The loosen'd rivulets run;  
The frost-bead melts upon her golden hair;  
Her mantle, slowly greening in the sun,  
Now wraps her close, now arching leaves her bare  
To breaths of balmy air."

Out in the woodland, in sequestered nooks, perchance we may find some remnants of the winter's almost departed glory, while near at hand, if we look closely, we may discover many three-cleft leaves, whose delicate veining and shading is surpassed in beauty only by the dainty white or heliotrope blossoms springing from the same root; if, before, we doubted the reality of the coming of the springtime, their delicious fragrance waits us full assurance of the fact. But we must become as children, and bend low to another earth ere she shall discover to us these frail beauties, for they are very modest, and nestle closely to her breast, so that only very observant eyes notice their hiding-places. The thick-spotted leaves of the dog-tooth violet appear in profusion about the same time, and soon their golden bells will reward our search. Yet a few days more and the exquisite but fast-fading blood-root will rear its snowy petals in rivalry to its neighbor, the white trillium; while violets, spring beauty, dicentra, wild phlox, and that fragile blossom that somewhat resembles our garden mignonette, all assemble to hear the sermonettes of Mr. Jack-in-the-pulpit. A very pleasing preacher he must be, for his audience never seems

to tire of him, but congregate faithfully year after year, at the appointed time.

What joy to live in the country at this glad season! The person who has never rambled through the woods in search of the first wild-flowers, and come home with hands well laden, has missed one of the cardinal joys of life. The flower gatherer should not be insatiable, however, but leave some blooms to fulfil their most important mission, viz., to propagate their kind, that those who follow in future years may share the delight they furnish.

How well I remember, in the old school-days, the gala appearance of the teacher's desk every bright spring morning! We children vied with one another in presenting her with the choicest treasures of the neighboring fields and woods, feeling well repaid by the smile of appreciation with which they were received. When we allow our thoughts to wander retrospectively to the bright hours of childhood, we are apt to long regretfully for those days.

"When life was like a story, holding neither sob nor sigh,  
In the olden golden glory of the days gone by."

Those golden moments cannot return, but we might experience once again some of their old-time joy if we would, child-like, live more in touch with nature in her many moods. Some suppose that the cares the years have brought us have dulled our sense of enjoyment in these simple pleasures, but I think, on the contrary, that the heart that is world-worn and weary realizes in fuller measure the peace, the quiet restfulness, that comes from communing with nature. Occasionally, then, when sunshine and bird-song invitingly call you, fling care to the winds, and live again, at least in fancy, a few of your childhood's hours, roaming o'er fields and through woodlands, noting the deepening emerald of the grass, the swelling of the buds, and the bursting into bloom of spring's first fair wildlings. What though your housecleaning lags for a day, is it not as important to brush the cobwebs from your heart and spirits as to banish those that hide in the less-frequented apartments of your home? Do both, by all means; certainly do the former at any cost, and you shall be better fitted to accomplish the latter.

Effie C. Freeman.—You can procure the Perry pictures from the Perry Picture Co., Malden, Mass., at the rate of one-cent each for twenty-five or more. A two-cent stamp will obtain a complete catalogue. If you order any before getting catalogue, it will be necessary to mention whether you prefer landscapes, flowers, animals, etc. I trust that you may find some that will be helpful to you in your work. I shall be glad to hear from you again.

### THE HOSTESS.

"Smoking on the car?" exclaimed the disgusted woman, as Dennis Flaherty, with his short-stemmed pipe, took the seat beside her.

"O! am I!" rejoined Dennis, between long and determined puffs. "And av ye don't loike ut, go wan up front. These sates is resarved for smokers."

"If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."

"Would ye, now?" (Puff, puff.) "O! think, av ye wor me wolfe"—puff, puff—"O! d take ut."



"A SAFE REFUGE."

(H. Sperling.)